

*The History of*

*Pri.* Faith, tel me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Trin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweet creature of bōbast, how long is't ago, Iack, since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee: when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plagu of sighing & grieve, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & swore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runns a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a sparrow flying,

*Fal.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good metall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prince* Why what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote he wil not budge afoote.

*Prince* Yes Iack, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: wel, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mackrell.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there come a hote sun, and this ciuill buffetring hold, we shall buy maydenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way, but tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afraid: thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuell Glendower: art not thou horrible afraide: doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Nor a whit yfaith, I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Wel, thou wilt bee horrible chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitifull bald crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou bee moued. Giue mee a cup of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will dee it, in King Cambyses vaine,

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Prince